

FEBRUARY

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NATIONAL

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WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

UNCLE SAM

THE GREATEST LIVING AMERICAN,
UNCLE SAM, WITH HIS LITTLE FRIEND,
BUDDY, CARRIES THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY
INTO THE LANDS OF OUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS..
LATIN AMERICA SHAKES HANDS
WITH OUR TWO-FISTED PATRIOT
IN A SMASHING CHALLENGE TO
THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM!!

by
William E. Eisner



A GROUP OF ARMY TRAINEES GET A SALUTE FROM A COUPLE OF ACE AMERICANS, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY..



THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY LOOKS ON.

YES, DEMOCRACY'S SAFE WHILE SAM'S THERE TO FIGHT FOR IT.

OH, MR. WASHINGTON! I'M....



SIMON BOLIVAR, GEORGE, REMEMBER ME? I'VE COME TO YOU FOR HIS... THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM ARE AT WORK IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES.. I'M WORRIED.....



I KNOW WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SIMON... WE'VE THE SAME TROUBLE IN THE STATES, BUT HERE'S THE MAN YOU WANT TO SEE.. SAM!



SAM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, A MAN WHO FOUGHT TO FREE SOUTH AMERICA FROM SPANISH TYRANNY BACK IN 1812.. SIMON BOLIVAR'S HIS NAME, HE'S UPSET, SAM, ABOUT THE AGGRESSOR'S INFLUENCE DOWN THERE!



IT'S MY JOB, MR. BOLIVAR, TO HELP THE NEIGHBORS KEEP THEIR BACKYARDS CLEAN, TOO. I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR, IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE MEETING YOU!!



WHOA THERE, FELLA! THAT'S A PACK O' LIES YOU'RE STATING, AND I'M A GOOD-WILL DELEGATE OF ONE... CAME DOWN TO PROVE IT.. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..



SOON AFTER, IN A GREAT BRAZILIAN PORT

THAT'S RIO, BUDDY AND IT'S TOO PRETTY TO BE UNDERMINED BY RATE



IN A SQUARE OF RIO DE JANEIRO....

UNITED STATES IS OUR MAN BEEG ENEMY, SHE ROB US ..SHE PLANS TO INVADE OUR COUNTRIES!!



..THE U.S. IS YOUR FRIEND.. WE WISH TO TRADE WITH YOU IN PEACE



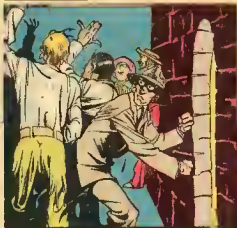
WE MUST UNITE TO DEFEND OUR CONTINENTS!!



I OFFER FRIENDSHIP BROTHERHOOD, AND COOPERATION IN THE DEFENSE OF THE FREEDOM WE ALL LOVE!!



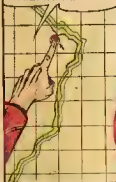
THE CROWD CHEERS IT'S SUPPORT OF UNCLE SAM... BUT THERE IS ONE WHO DOES NOT...



HERR SOHTUK, A DANGEROUS MAN HAS MADE A FOOL OF OTTO IN THE SQUAR. ONE MOMENT. KIEF WE ARE DISCUSSING PLANS.



SO! OUR LINE OF INVASION IS FROM 400 MILES SOUTH OF DAKAR TO PERNABUCO AND ONTO THE PAN-AMERICAN HIGHWAY!!



WE SHALL HAVE NO TROUBLE BREAKING THROUGH THE JUNGLES, THE TRIBES FROM ALONG THE AMAZON HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO BE OUR ALLIES !!!

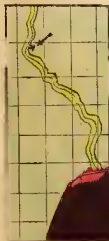


THEY ARE WELL ARMED,....

..AND READY TO BATTLE FOR US..



AND IN AFRICA..



HAH!! HOW CLEVERLY WE HAVE FOOLED THE WORLD... THEY THINK WE HAVE THROWN OUR BEST TROOPS INTO BATTLE ON OTHER FRONTS... BUT THEY ARE HERE IN OUR SECRET BASE, SOUTH OF DAKAR !!



WHEN THE NAZI'S HEAR OF UNCLE SAM'S SPEECH



WE MUST SILENCE THIS YANKEE AT ONCE!!

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE UNCLE SAM GETS A CONCRETE EXAMPLE OF THE OPPOSITION HE IS BUCKING



BUT...



NO, I DO NOT DESIRE A ROOM... TELL ME WHERE YOUR GUESTS ARE KEEPING THE BOY, MY NEPHEW!!



TSK! TSK! I HOPE THE GUYS WHO SICKED YOU ON ME WILL PAY YOUR HOSPITAL EXPENSES!!



AFTER THE FIGHT...



AH, SENOR, DO NOT BRING YOUR WRATH UPON ME, A POOR PUESANO. THEY PAY ME WELL, THE NAZIS. YOU WILL FIND THEM IN THE PATIO!



BUT WHILE UNCLE SAM MAKES JELLY OF HIS ATTACKERS, BUDDY IS SEIZED AND SILENCED...



FOLLOWED BY HIS TWO NEW ADMIRERS UNCLE SAM SPEEDS TO BUDDY'S RESCUE



BUT BEHIND THE PATIO WALL A BOMB AWAIT'S UNCLE SAM'S ENTRY...



BUDDY TRIES TO SHOUT A WARNING, BUT A BROWN FIST SMASHES THE WORDS BACK IN HIS THROAT!!



BUDDY!! NO ONE HERE? WHY I'LL WRECK THE JOINT TO...



BUT UNCLE SAM DOESN'T HAVE TO... THE BOMB DOES THE JOB FOR HIM!!



NOW I AM MAD!
...THAT SURE KNOCKED THE CHIP FROM MY SHOULDER!!!!



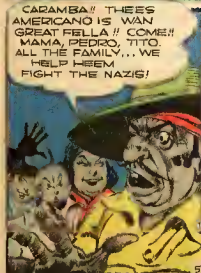
BUT HE IS JUST IN TIME TO SEE A PLANE TAKE OFF BEHIND THE VILLA



BUDDY'S IN THAT PLANE!!



CARAMBA!! THEES AMERICANO IS WAN GREAT FELLA!! COME!! MAMA, PEDRO, TITO. ALL THE FAMILY... WE HELP HEEM FIGHT THE NAZIS!



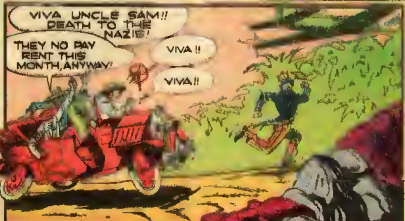
ACROSS THE PAMPAS ONLY ONE LAP BEHIND THE SWIFT PLANE, RACE'S UNCLE SAM... A CARFULL OF CHEERING BRAZILIANS AFTER HIM... THE TREACHEROUS JUNGLES LIE AHEAD

VIVA UNCLE SAM!!
DEATH TO THE NAZIS!

THEY NO PAY RENT THIS MONTH, ANYWAY!

VIVA!!

VIVA!!



BUDDY'S CAPTOR'S LAND ON A RUBBER PLANTATION DEEP IN THE JUNGLE...



PREPARE FOR A GREAT BATTLE... A TERRIBLE DEVIL STRIPED WITH BLOOD COMES TO DESTROY YOU... HE MUST BE KILLED



JUST THEN "THE STRIPED DEVIL" CRASHES LIKE A BOMB INTO THE CLEARING



UNCLE SAM SCATTERS THE INDIANS WITH BLITZ BLOWS...



BUDDY IS TOO BUSY TO ANSWER AT ONCE...



SUDDENLY UNCLE SAM SEIZES A GIANT VAT OF BOILING LATEX AND SWINGS IT...



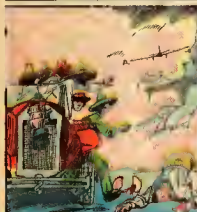
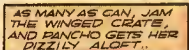
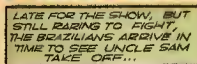
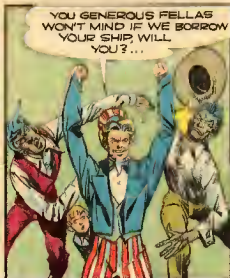
AN OZZING BLANKET OF HOT, MOLTEN RUBBER SQUELCHES THE INDIANS' RESISTANCE.....



SORRY OLD TIMER!!

THAT'S ALRIGHT UNCLE SAM! WE GOTTA HURRY AND GET TO THE COAST. THEY'VE GOT PLANS TO BLOW UP THE DEFENSE GUNS.





CRR-RASH! THE SABOTEURS SCURRY LIKE RATS..



UNHURT, THE GREAT AMERICAN BURSTS FROM THE WRECK!!

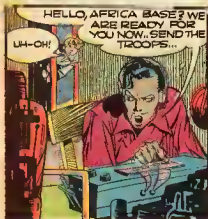


VIPPEE! LET'S DO IT AGAIN!!

**SOME OTHER TIME!!
RIGHT NOW THERE ARE
SOME SKULLS
AROUND HERE THAT
NEED CRACKING!!**



**WHILE UNCLE SAM EXTERMINATES
THE RODENTS, BUDDY SNOOPS
AROUND FOR MORE TROUBLE..**



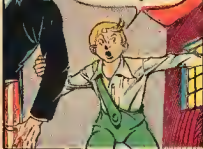
**HELLO, AFRICA BASE? WE
ARE READY FOR
YOU NOW.. SEND THE
TROOPS...**

UH-OH!

**NO! JUST A MINUTE...
THERE SEEMS TO BE
SOME TROUBLE..**

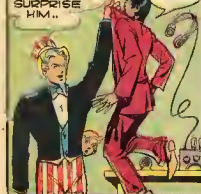


**UNCLE SAM! COME
QUICK!! THAT GUY
IN THERE'S TALKIN'
TO THE SECRET
BASE IN AFRICA....
HE'S WARNING
THEM ABOUT US...
DO YOU WANT
HIM TO DO
THAT?**



**NO SIRREE!! JUST CALL
UP YOUR BOSS AGAIN,
MISTER, AND TELL HIM
TO GO AHEAD AS
PLANNED...WE
WANT TO
SURPRISE
HIM..**

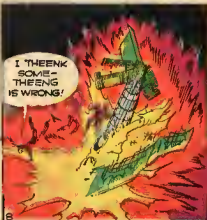
**V-YES
SIR!!**



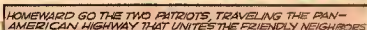
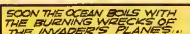
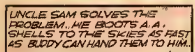
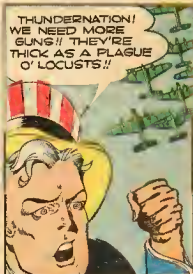
**IN A FEW MOMENTS, GIANT
BOMBERS AND HEAVILY-
LADEN TROOP PLANES
RISE FROM THE SHORES
OF THE DARK CONTINENT..**



**MEANWHILE, PANCHE HAS
FOLLOWED UNCLE SAM'S
EXAMPLE AND "LANDED"!!**

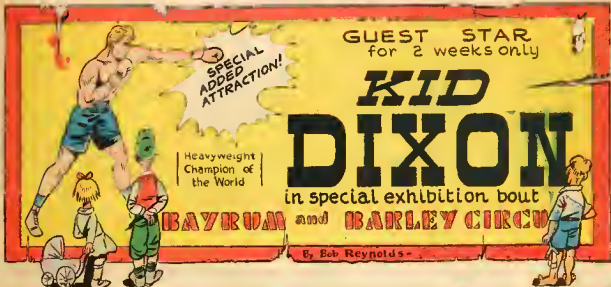


**I THINK
SOME-
THEING
IS WRONG!**



WINDY BREEZE





GUEST STAR
for 2 weeks only

KID DIXON

in special exhibition bout
BAYBORN and BARLEY CIRCUS

Heavyweight
Champion of
the World

By Bob Reynolds

TO BEGIN WITH, THE KIO'S MANAGER, "BOTTLE" TOPPS IS IN A VERY SOUR MOOD.

CRIPES, KIO, YOU'VE FINISHED YER CONTRACT WITH THE CIRCUS. LET'S BE MOVIN' ON!



WHAT'S KEEPIN' YA HERE, ANYWAY?

AW... I LIKE IT HERE...



YA MEAN YA 'LIKE LADY ACROBATS! WELL C'MON F'YER MORNING WORKOUT. YA GOTTA KEEP IN THE PINK.



'BYE, ARIEL! GOTTA GO GIVE MY SPARRIN' PARTNERS SOME EXERCISE.



BOY... YER PLENNY FAST, CHAMP! I... ER... ULP!



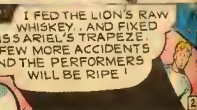
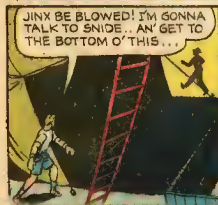
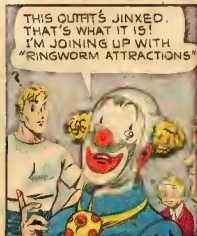
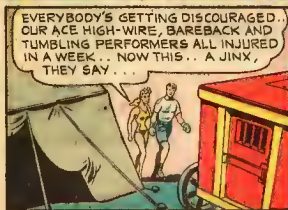
WHAT'S A MATTER?

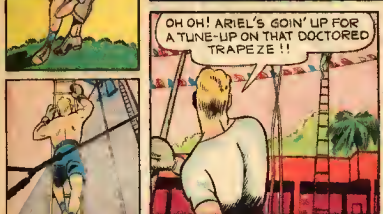
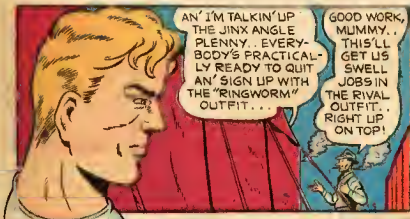
OHH... GOLLY...



COLOSSO HAS ESCAPED!









WHAT DO I DO NOW?



STICK AN ARM OUT WHEN I SAIL BY, KID, AND LET GO!



CATCH!

ALLEZ... OOP!

ALLEZ... ULP!



THERE'S SOME MISTAKE, CONDUCTOR. I WANTED THE LOCAL!



DANNY! AHH FOR THIS I'D DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN!

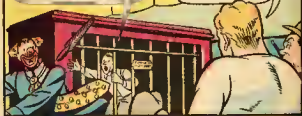


WHAT STATION WAS THAT WE JUST PASSED?

DOWN ON GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL EARTH AGAIN.

DRAT IT! LEAVE THE FILE, MUMMY

SO THAT'S FRIEND "MUMMY"!



C MON, TOPPSY. HE RAN INTO THE FUN HOUSE!



BY THIS DANNY IN RIGHT

WHA?

OH SURE. NOTHIN' TO IT. I COULD FIND A TARNISHED COLLAR BUTTON IN HERE!

HOLY CROW! HEY, KID, WHERE ARE YA??

HERE I AM! THIS W--

A FINE TIME TO RELAX!

WE DIDN'T PASS MUMMY. AND THIS IS THE ONLY EXIT.

AS THE DOOR CLOSES, WHEELS AND ROLLERS GRIND UNDER THE CHAMP. AND HE SHOOTS OUT ONTO A LONG, BUMPING SLIDE...

DRAT IT! THE DOOR'S LOCKED!

I AIN'T STOPPED YET, BY GUM!

I'M CHOPPIN' THAT DOOR DOWN, KID! FIRST I GOTTA SEE IF THIS IS SHARP!

BULLSEYE, TOPPSY! I OWE YOU A CIGAR!

NOW YOU TWO BIRDS CAN PERCH IN THERE UNTIL THE COPS COME! MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IRON BARS...

DANNY... YOU SAVED THE CIRCUS...

FOLLOW THE FURTHER QUIRKS AND PITFALLS IN THE CAREER OF KID DIXON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS

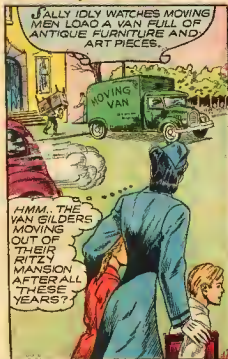
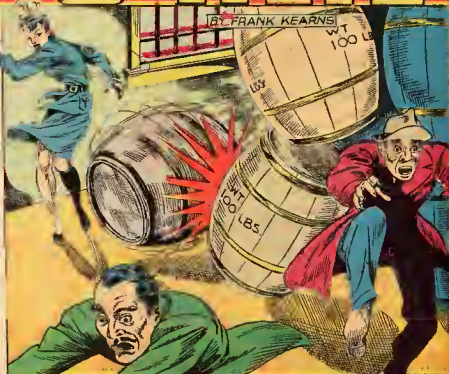
Sally

O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN



THE CRUEL
HANDS OF A
MADMAN SPREAD
HORROR BEHIND
THE PORTALS OF AN
OLD WAREHOUSE
UNTIL SALLY O'NEIL
PRIDE OF THE
POLICE FORCE
INTERFERES



THAT NIGHT SALLY JOINS HER BROTHER MIKE IN THE PATROL CAR..SUDDENLY THE RADIO BLASTS A NEWS REPORT

ROBERT V. N. GILDER MISSING FROM YACHT. FEARED TO HAVE DROWNED IN FLORIDA FISHING ACCIDENT.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN, SAL. NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!

YES THERE IS, MIKE..PLENTY! I'VE A HUNCH BOB VAN GILDER IS NOT PLAYING WITH MERMAIDS NOW..DRIVE TO THE VAN GILDER HOUSE?

I STILL THINK YOU'RE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, SAL!

I DON'T THINK SO, MIKE WAIT AND SEE!

THEY ENTER THE MANSION THROUGH THE BACK.

THE HOUSE IS GLOOMY..AN OPPRESSIVE MUSTINESS FILLS THEIR NOSTRILS AS SALLY AND MIKE FLASH THEIR SEARCH LIGHTS.

AS MIKE TALKS, HE STEPS INTO THE VAN GILDER LIBRARY...SUDDENLY..

SALLY? LOOK OUT!

THE VAN GILDERS HAVEN'T BEEN HOME FOR MONTHS. THEY'RE TRAVELING.

WHEW! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN HERE..

MIKE? WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE ARE YOU?

THERE IS A HEAVY THUD OUTSIDE..LIKE A BODY FALLING AND AN INSANE VOICE HOWLS IN MAD LAUGHTER.

HE HA HA HO HO HO

OMIGOSH HERE I AM LOCKED IN THIS LIBRARY WITH MIKE GONE AND A MANIAC RUNNING AROUND LOOSE!

MIKE! MIKE!

SLAM



FRANTICALLY, SALLY LOOKS FOR A WAY OUT... BUT...

WINDOW'S BARRED... I'M NOT ENJOYING THIS MUCH!



DOFFING HER TOPCOAT, SALLY TRIES ANOTHER MEANS OF ESCAPE... NOT HEARING THE DOOR THAT OPENS SILENTLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM... AND THE QUIET FOOTSTEPS THAT FOLLOW



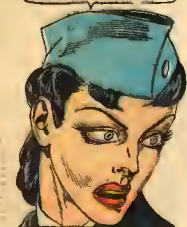
IF I CAN WRIGGLE THROUGH THIS TRANSOM

BUT... I WOULDN'T TRY THAT, YOUNG LADY... IT'S DANGEROUS!



ER... WHO??

YOU?? THE "DEACON" THE MADMAN ART THIEF!!! HOW'D YOU FLY YOUR COOP?



THE STRANGE GAUNT FIGURE CLAD IN SINISTER BLACK MAKES A COURTLY BOW.

YOU ARE CLEVER, TOO CLEVER!



THEY CALL ME MAD... BUT I AM NOT!... THE WORLD IS THE MAD ONE... HA, HA! HEE, HEE!



QUICK AS A WINK, SALLY'S GUN BARKS, SHOOTING THE "DEACON'S" PISTOL FROM HIS GRIP, THE MANIAC BACKS AGAINST A BOOKCASE... .



HA! HA! HOW NICE YOU LOOK DRAPED IN SHAKESPEARE AND DICKENS!

YOU... YOU PAY FOR THIS! THE "DEACON" STANDS FOR NO INSULTS!



DURING THE MOMENT SALLY BENDS TO RECOVER THE "DEACON'S" GUN, HE REACHES FOR A BUTTON BEHIND HIM.



HEY!!.. NOW HOW'D THAT SCREWLOOSE DISAPPEAR?



REASONING THAT A SECRET PANEL MUST BE THE ANSWER, SALLY HUNTS ABOUT UNTIL..



BUT SALLY DOES NOT COUNT ON THE TRAP DOOR THAT SPRINGS OPEN BENEATH HER FEET.



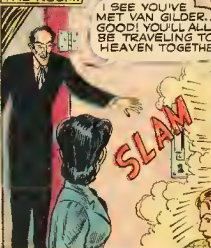
SHE SLIDES DOWN A WINDING CHUTE TO A DARK BASEMENT FAR BELOW.



STEPPING IN, SALLY GASPS TO SEE...



SUDDENLY SLAMS.. THE DOOR "DEACON" IS IN THE ROOM.



FURIOUSLY SALLY LUNGES AT THE GAUNT VILLAIN, CAUSING HIM TO STRIKE HIS HEAD ON A LOW BEAM.



THEN SHE LOOSES
VAN GILDER'S BONDS.

THE 'DEACON'S A MAD ART
THIEF WHO ESCAPED FROM AN
INSANE ASYLUM... GUESS
THE VAN GILDER ART WAS
TOO MUCH FOR HIM TO
RESIST!

THAT
FLORIDA
REPORT WAS
FAKED, YOU
KNOW.



BOB, CAN YOU CARRY
MIKE OUT? I'LL WRAP
UP THIS PACKAGE!

SURE...
AND THEN
WE'LL SEND
HIM BACK
TO HIS
PADDED
CELL!

GENTLY THEY HELP
MIKE OUT TO THE
PATROL CAR.



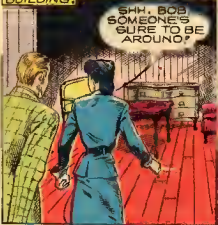
AND SPEED TO THE WATER-
FRONT WAREHOUSE.

YOU'LL FIND YOUR
WHOLE COLLECTION
THERE, BOB!



LEAVING MIKE STILL HALF-
CONSCIOUS IN THE CAR, GALLY AND
BOB STALK INTO THE MURKY
BUILDING.

SHH. BOB
SOMEONE'S
SURE TO BE
AROUND?



GALLY'S HUNCH IS RIGHT.
FROM BEHIND A MOUNTAIN
OF BARRELS WHIZZES A
BULLET.

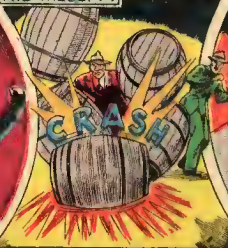


FURIOUSLY SHE WHIRLS
AND SENDS ONE ROLL-
ING LIKE A BOWLING
BALL INTO THE PING.



THIS WILL
UNCOVER
THE RATS'
NEST!

THE BARRELS TUMBLE AND ROLL
IN ALL DIRECTIONS, REVEALING
TWO THUGS...



BOB WADES INTO THEM
WITH A PRACTICED
RIGHT.



BUT BOB GETS THE BAD END OF THE SCRAP.. SALLY LEAPS INTO THE PRAY FROM THE TOP OF A TALL PACKING CRATE.



WITH SCIENTIFIC POLICE TRICKS, PLUS A WELL-AIMED FEMININE HEEL, SALLY BATTERS THE ENEMY.



GRABBING A VALUABLE LAMP BASE, SHE WIELDS IT WITH TELLING RESULTS.. "FIRST TO ONE THUG.."



TOGETHER THEY ROLL THE BARRELS OUT THE DOOR.

ANYWAY THIS IS A UNIQUE WAY OF CATCHING CRIMINALS!

YEP! SA-AY.. BROTHER MIKE'S COME TO!



WOW! THIS SURE WAS A NIGHTMARE!

MEET BOB VAN GILDER, MIKE!

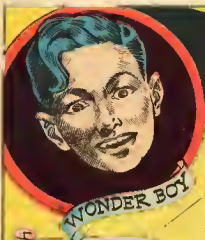


LATER: SALLY AND MIKE ARE INVITED TO DINNER AT THE VAN GILDER MANSION.

AND AFTER THIS, BOB, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR LIBRARY.. WITH LIGHTS ON AND NO SPOOKS!



NEXT MONTH, SALLY FLIRTS WITH DANGER AGAIN IN **NATIONAL COMICS**



WONDER BOY

by JERRY MAXWELL

TRACKING DOWN THE HARDENED CRIMINALS WHO INSTIGATE YOUTHFUL CRIME FOR THEIR OWN EVIL PURPOSES, WONDER BOY AGAIN THRASHES HIS WAY TO A GALLANT VICTORY.



ON A DARKENED STREET, WONDER BOY SPOTS TWO YOUNG KIDS STARTING TO BREAK INTO A STORE...



CUT THAT OUT YOU GUYS. YOU KNOW IT'S NOT SQUARE TO TAKE WHAT ISN'T YOURS.



WE'LL LOOK AT PRETTY PANTS! SWAT 'EM RED FOR MINDIN' WHAT AIN'T HIS BUSINESS!



BUT, THE YOUNG TORNADO GETS A BIT RUFFLED.



(WISH YOU GUYS WEREN'T SO MUCH TROUBLE TO TEACH!)



THE TOUGHIE'S KNOCKOUT FISTS HARDLY FAZE WONDER BOY.

CHEE!

YOU YOUNG SQUIRTS GONNA REMEMBER "CRIME DOESN'T PAY" OR WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER LESSON?



WE WUZ'N'T ALWAYS BAD... W-WE CAN'T HELP IT!

YEAH, THERE'S A GUY BEATS US UP IF WE DON'T BRING THE JACK! NAME'S "SNATCH" KELLY!



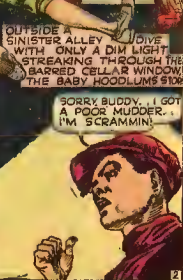
WONDER BOY GETS THE KIDS TO LEAD HIM TO THE HANGOUT.

WHEN I FINISH DUSTIN' THE FLOOR WITH THOSE GUYS, YOU TWO WON'T HAVE TO WORRY!



CHEE HE AIN'T EVEN SCARED!

OUTSIDE A SINISTER ALLEY, I DIVE WITH ONLY A DIM LIGHT STREAKING THROUGH THE BARRED CELLAR WINDOW, THE BABY HOODLUMS SING.



SORRY, BUDDY... I GOT A POOR MUDDER... I'M SCRAMMIN'!

BUT KELLY'S HENCHMAN CLIPS
THEIR FLUTTERING WINGS. . .

S'MATTER,
RUNT?.. GOT
A HEAVY DATE.
WIT' THE COPS
MAYBE?

AW.. LET
US GO,
WELCHY!

WE AIN'T
DONE
NOTHIN'!

THE KIDS STAND TERROR-
STRICKEN. . .

WHO'S THAT SNOOPY KID
OVER THERE?.. YOU BEEN
SQUEALIN'?. MAYBE DA
BOSS BETTER SEE YOU!

AND HE
WINKS TO THE BOYS
AS THE MOBSTER FALLS
FOR THE GAG.

WONDER BOY STOPS
HIM. . . .

I ONLY WANT TO JOIN
UP. CAN I GET TO
SEE THE BOSS?

THEY ARE LED THROUGH A
DIM CORRIDOR WITH ONLY
BERRIE CANDLELIGHT TO MARK
THEIR PATH. . .

G-GEE
I'M
SCARED!

IN THE HAZY DARKNESS OF
THE HALL, WONDER BOY
SEIZES AN OPPORTUNITY
TO DEAL WITH WELCHY.

PEERING AROUND A HALF-OPEN
DOOR, THE BOYS COME UPON BOSS
KELLY GREEDILY FINGERING A HUGE
STACK OF MONEY.

O.K., MUGGS.
COME AND
GET IT. ONLY
DON'T BE
GRABBIN' ER
YOU'LL GET
YER MITTS
KNOCKED
OFF!

WE'RE ASKING
NO MORE FAVORS
OF YOU TO-
NIGHT, MR.
WELCHY!

MEANWHILE, WONDER BOY'S FIRST VICTIM HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES AND SWINGS FROM BEHIND.



BUT THE HEAVY IRON ROD REACHES ITS MARK. . .



THE TWO BOYS STRUGGLE HELPLESSLY. . .



JUST FOUND DESE LITTLE SQUEALERS AND A SNOOPER BOSS! WHAT'LL I DO WIT 'EM?



WE'LL KNOCK 'EM OFF RIGHT HERE. THEN CLEAR OUTTA THIS DUMP!



TIED TOGETHER, TO AWAIT CERTAIN DEATH, TWO SCARED BOYS STARE HELPLESSLY AT WONDER BOY.



AFTER FIRING A BULLET INTO THE WATER PIPE, THE GANGSTERS LEAVE THEM TO DROWN.



BUT THE SUDDEN DRENCHING REVIVES WONDER BOY.



THE DOOR BARRING THE WAY TO FREEDOM SPLINTERS UNDER HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH.



THEY REACH THE ALLEYWAY
IN TIME TO WATCH THE
SPEEDY DEPARTURE OF THE
GANG...

THEY CARRY THE
JACK IN THAT
BLACK BAG!



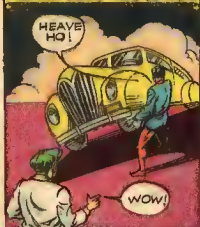
LET'S
GO!

SUDDENLY THE CAR SWERVES
TOWARDS THEM.

PLOW
THOSE KIDS DOWN, WELCH!
IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



AS THE AUTO BEARS DOWN
ON THEM, WONDER BOY
FIRMLY GRIPS THE BUMPER.



HEAVE
HO!

WOW!

AND THE STARTLED MOB-
STERS ARE TOSSED TO THE
PAVEMENT.

LIGHT INTO 'EM,
BOYS! GIVE
'EM ALL YOU'VE
GOT!



A SCOUTING BLACK MARIA
ARRIVES ON THE SCENE
AND PICKS UP UNEXPECTED
RIDERS...

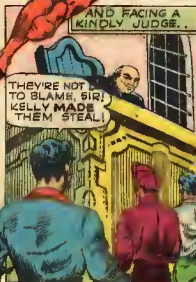


TELL
IT TO
THE
JUDGE!

BUT
OFFICER.

AND FACING A
KINDLY JUDGE...

THEY'RE NOT
TO BLAME, SIR!
KELLY MADE
THEM STEAL!



I BELIEVE YOU, SON, AND
I'M PAROLING THEM IN
YOUR CARE!

HOORAY
FOR
WONDER
BOY!

GEE!



PROP

POWERS



A MIDDLE RIVER SCENE

ACE FLIERS ATTACHED
TO THE COAST GUARD,
PROP POWERS AND HIS PAL
LANK ONCE MORE TASTE
HIGH ADVENTURE AND
FEEL THE ICY BREATH OF
SUDDEN DEATH.

BY
LYNN
BYRD

PROP AND LANK STROLL
ALONG THE BEACH NOT
FAR FROM THE COAST
GUARD STATION.

A SINISTER OBJECT IS
WASHED UP ON SHORE

"SWELL DAY,
ISN'T IT,
PROP?"

"SURE IS,
ALMOST TOO
PEACEFUL
TO BE TRUE."

"A MINE?? AND NOT A
U.S. ONE, EITHER? IT
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
WASHED ALL THE WAY
FROM THE OTHER
SIDE!"

"YEAH?"

PROP'S VOICE DRIFTS TO THE EARS OF AN EVIL TRIO IN HIDING NEARBY. . . .

WE'D BETTER BLOW THE THING UP BEFORE SOME-BODY GETS HURT!

COAST GUARDS- MEN! WE MUST STOP THEM.



OUR PLANS HAVE PROGRESSED TOO FAR TO RISK ANY INTERFERENCE! WE WILL FINISH THE AMERICANS OFF SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY!



BUT ONE OF THE ENEMY AGENT'S SLIPS AND DIS- LODGES A ROCK.



LANK! WHAT WAS THAT?

LOOK! WE'VE GOT COMPANY AND I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG TOGETHER.



PROP FELS THE FIRST AGENT WITH A PILE-DRIVER LEFT.



PSST! LIE DOWN..PLAY DEAD! THEN WHEN THEY BEAT IT WE CAN FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT THEIR GAME IS!



...AND THE NAZIS ARE COMPLETELY TAKEN IN.

THAT WAS EASY! COME ON, BOYS. . . WE HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!

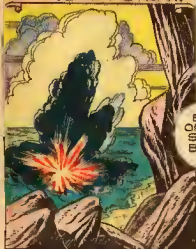


PROP AND LANK START TO FOLLOW, WHEN SUDDENLY THEY SEE..

SAY! WHAT KIND OF A SHIP IS THAT?



A SINGLE PISTOL SHOT DETONATES THE HUGE MINE WITH A DEAFENING ROAR.



ON BOARD THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP...



OUR ENEMIES ON SHORE SEEM TO BE ON THE ALERT!

PROP AND LANK ARRIVE AT THE COAST GUARD STATION TO FIND...



JUST TAKE A LOOK IN THAT WINDOW AND SEE WHAT I SEE, LANK!

INSIDE, THE SPIES HAVE MADE A PRISONER OF THE RADIO OPERATOR.



GOOD! NOW THE COAST GUARD BOATS WHICH PURSUE OUR MINE LAYER WILL GO IN TO THE FRESHLY-SOWN MINE FIELD AND THEN BE DESTROYED!

I'LL RADIO A FAKE MESSAGE TO THE NAVY AND THEIR SHIPS WILL BE DRAWN INTO THE TRAP TOO?



EXCELLENT IDEA, FRANZ!

BUT LANK, OVERHEARING, FIRES THROUGH THE WINDOW.



THERE! THAT WRECKS THE TRANSMITTER, SO THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT PART OF THEIR SCHEME!



YOU HOLD THEM OFF, LANK! WHILE I WARN OUR PATROL BOATS BY SEMAPHORE SIGNAL!

O.K., PROP!

THE WARNING IS RECEIVED BY...



MESSAGE FROM ASHORE? "YOU ARE IN MINE FIELD! STOP AND ANCHOR WHERE YOU ARE!"



...ALL BUT ONE OF THE COAST GUARD BOATS, WHICH PLOWS INTO A MINE.

WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THESE MURDERERS! OUR PALS WERE ON THAT BOAT!!

C'MON LET'S SHOW 'EM WHAT A REAL BLITZ IS LIKE!



PROP AND LANK SAIL IN LIKE TWO FISTIC TORNADOS.

NOT USED TO THIS KIND OF WARFARE ARE YOU?

ULLK!



OH! WANT SOME MORE HEY?



WELL, HERE IT IS!

OORRK!



THE BRAWL IS OVER BUT THE DANGER FOR THEIR COAST GUARD COMRADES ISN'T.

WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT MINE LAYER AND GET OUR BOYS OUT OF THAT MINE FIELD!! LET'S GRAB THE PLANE!

THIS'LL KEEP THOSE MUGGS COOPED UP IN THE LOCKER ROOM!



PROP AND LANK ROAR OFF IN A FAST FIGHTER-BOMBER...

SURE THE BOMB RACKS'RE LOADED PROP?

THERE ISN'T EVEN ROOM LEFT FOR A CHINESE FIRE CRACKER!



THE PLANE SCREAMS SKYWARD



THEY REACH THE PEAK OF THEIR STEEP CLIMB.

ALL SET? HERE WE GO WITH A BASKETFUL OF GRADE A- DEATH EGGS!

PROP DIVES STRAIGHT DOWN, IGNORING THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

THE BOMB-LOAD IS SOON DROPPED AND THEY ZOOM SKYWARD.

GIVE YOU FIVE TO TWO IT'S A DIRECT HIT, PROP!

AND THE STICK OF BOMBS LANDS SQUARE ON THE FOREDECK.

THE EXPLOSION SETS OFF THE POWDER MAGAZINE AND THE SHIP IS BLASTED TO BITS.

THAT'S THAT, NOW TO SCORCH THE CROP OF MINES THEY PLANTED!

WITH BOMBS AND MACHINE GUN FIRE, THEY DETONATE THE MINES, CLEARLY VISIBLE FROM THE AIR.

AND THE COAST-GUARD BOATS CHURN SAFELY TO PORT.

HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY, PROP?

YOU BET, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T LOOK FORWARD TO SOME MORE SOON!

THEY'RE SPACED FAR ENOUGH APART SO THE EXPLOSION WON'T HURT OUR PATROL BOATS, LANK.

PROP AND LANK FIND NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT
NATIONAL COMICS.

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD

IN A SECRET
HIDING PLACE A
GRUFF VOICE
BELLONS OUT:

by NICK CARDY

I GOT YA T'GETHER FOR! JOE—
YOU'RE A FOIST GLASS HOODLUM...
ALWAYS LOOKIN' FOR A FIGHT!
C'MON UP HERE!



SHUT UP YOU
GUYS AN' I'LL
TELL YOU WHAT

OKAY—
SHOOT YER
MOUTH OFF! I AIN'T
GOT ALL NIGHT—I
GOT WORK T'DO!

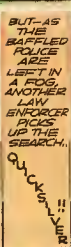
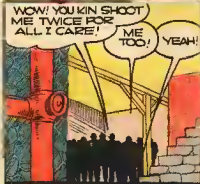
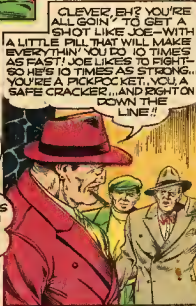


YOU'RE
WORKIN'
FOR ME
NOW!

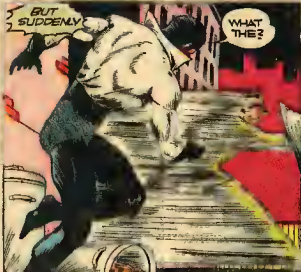
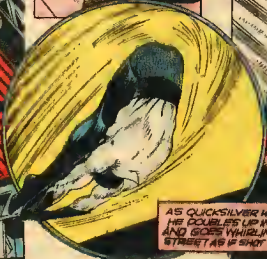


AGAIN
THAT LAUGHING
HILARIOUS DYNAMO
OF HUMAN ENERGY
STRIKES ONE OF HIS
DEADLIEST BLOWS AT
CRIME... ALONE QUICK-
SILVER DEFIES THE
SPEED DEMONS
....

A Marble Power Scan



AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING

THESE SPEED
DEMONS SURE
ARE SCARCE!BUT
SUDDENLYWHAT
THE?HOLY MACKEREL—
LOOK AT HIM GO!
BROTHER—YOU'VE
GOT A SHADOW
FROM NOW ON!!IN A FLASH, A
SECOND STREAK
FOLLOWS THE
FIRST!!!!WHAT THE? QUICKSILVER!!
HE'S GAINING ON
ME - IT'S - IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!SHOVE OVER, YOU -
I'M TAKIN' YOUR
JALLOPY!OH-OH-THIS
CALLS FOR DIFFERENT
TACTICS!AS QUICKSILVER HITS THE GROUND,
HE DOUBLES UP INTO A BALL
AND GOES WHIRLING DOWN THE
STREET AS IF SHOT FROM A GUN!!

PLEASE, SIR—THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF GAS! YOU'RE DOING 50 MILES AN HOUR AND ACCORDING TO STATISTICS...



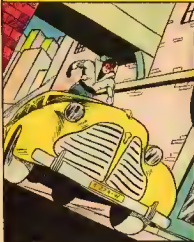
WAIT... HAS HE REALLY GOTTEN RID OF QUICKSILVER?



A FEW FEET BEHIND THE CAR, QUICKSILVER? BREAKS OUT OF THE SOMMERSAULT AND STREAKS UPWARD....



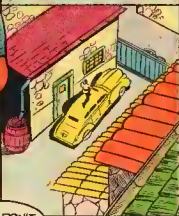
...LANDING SILENTLY ON THE TOP OF THE CAR...



WELL, BUT YOU'RE PROBABLY HEADING SOMEPLACE... SO GO AHEAD AND HEAD!



SOME TIME LATER THE CAR STOPS IN AN ALLEY IN THE EAST SIDE OF THE CITY...



OKAY, YOU—BEAT IT... AN' FORGET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT!!

Y-YES SIR!



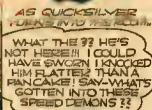
BUT DON'T FORGET TO TELL THE POLICE !!!



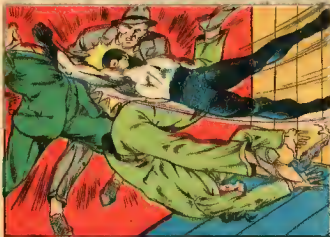
QUICKSILVER!

RIGHT!!





GUNS BLAST OUT AT QUICKSILVER. BUT WITH HIS LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED HE DIVES INTO THE HERD OF MEN RUSHING AT HIM, BEFORE A BULLET CAN HIT HIM...



C'MON, BOYS-LET'S SEE YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION...



BEFORE LONG, THE CELLAR IS TURNED INTO A WHIRLWIND BEDLAM AS QUICKSILVER STANDS ALONE AGAINST HALF A DOZEN MEN, EACH STRONGER THAN AN AVERAGE MAN.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE A SMALL ROOM IN THE CELLAR...

HA-HA-HA!! NOW WHO'S THE CHUMP! BOY-I'LL BET THE GANG IS TEARING THIS QUICKSILVER CHUMP TO BITS!!



OH-OH-IT'S OVER ALREADY!! WELL-I GUESS I'D BETTER GO OUT AND MAKE THE FUNERAL PLANS!!



AS THE LEADER OF THE SPEED DEMONS OPENS THE DOOR...

ER...HELLO, JOE...SURPRISED ?!!?



WELL-SLONG SUCKER! BUT REMEMBER... THERE'S ALWAYS BIGGER GUYS THAN YOU...IF YOU TROUBLE TO LOOK!!



JACK and JILL

By
Lowell
Riggs

FROM THE
LANDS BELOW
THE GULF STREAM,
COMES A SHIP
TO DOCK AT
OUR PORTS..
AND IN ITS
CARGO LIES
HORROR AND
DEADLY PERIL
FOR OUR ACE
SLEUTHS
JACK AND JILL..

PIER 42..THE COFFEE FREIGHTER
RIO O'ORO HAS JUST ARRIVED
FROM SANTOS, BRAZIL.

ANXIOUS TO FIND DON,
THEY DART UP THE GANG
PLANK..JUST AS THE
BOARD SLIDES AWAY
FROM THE SHIP.

JACK AND JILL DOE WAIT
EAGERLY TO GREET THEIR
FRIEND DON FELLOWS, A
COMMERCIAL ATTACHE,
CALLED HOME FOR CON-
FERENCE WITH THE U.S.
PURCHASING COMMISSION
IN WASHINGTON.

LET'S
LOOK FOR
HIM?

FUNNY. DON'S
ALWAYS THE
FIRST ONE
DOWN THE
GANG-
PLANK?

THEY RACE BREATHLESSLY DOWN A HATCHWAY, AS A FIGURE SCURRIES INTO A CABIN NEARBY.



THAT GANG-PLANK EPISODE WAS NO ACCIDENT!

THE SCURRYING FIGURE SNATCHES UP A SHIP'S PHONE...



SARTO! SEE THAT SENOR FELLOWS IS KEPT...ER...SECLUDED...TWO FRIENDS OF HIS ARE SNOOPING AROUND!

FROM THE STOKE-HOLE FAR BELOW COMES THE REPLY.

SIT WE HIDE HEEM IN THE FURNACE IF WE HAVE TO!

HUSKY STOKERS DRAG A MOANING VICTIM TO THE STROKEHOLE FLOOR.



SENOR FELLOWS EES STUPEEDO AMERICANO...WE FEELY HEEM FOR WAT HE DO TO US!

MEANWHILE, JACK AND JILL ARE LOST IN A MAZE OF CORRIDORS.



WE'VE REACHED A DEAD END.. NOW WHAT?

SUDDENLY, A SWARTHY FIGURE ADVANCES TOWARD THEM...A MURDEROUS DAGGER IN HIS HAND.



HAHI DEAD END IS RIGHT!



NO, NOT PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE!

BUT JACK DUCKS AND THE BLADE BURIES ITSELF IN THE WALL.



DAZED BY HIS FAILURE AT MURDER, THE MAN GLARES STUPIDLY AT JACK.

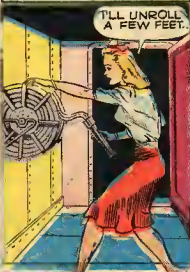


WHO SEIZES THE CHANCE TO HOP SADDLEWISE ON HIS BACK.



NOW YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO GET IT!

JILL SEIZES THE COILED FIRE HOSE.



I'LL UNROLL A FEW FEET.

AND SMACK THIS GUY HARD WITH THE METAL END!



HE'S OUT, JACK!



NO MATTER, TIE HIM UP GOOD IN THIS LIFE PRESERVER VEST!

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG ABOARD THIS SHIP, AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT!



THEY STRIDE ALONG THE TOP DECK, BUT SUDDENLY A GNARLED HAND POKES OUT OF A LIFE BOAT... A GUN BARKS.



AND THE RESULTING SHATTERING OF A GLASS WINDOW DETERMINES THE SHOT'S DIRECTION.



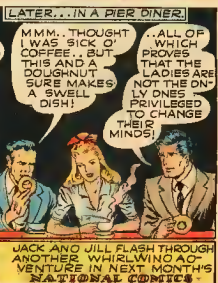
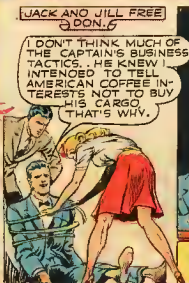
JACK DASHES TO THE LIFEBOAT.



OH HO!

COME OUT, YOU! OR DO I HAVE TO HAUL YOU OUT?!





JACK AND JILL FLASH THROUGH ANOTHER WHIRLWIND ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS

CYCLONE CUPID

By GIL FOX

HE AIN'T STUPID!

CYCLONE IS BEING
INTERVIEWED BY
A NEWSPAPER
EDITOR WHEN

SO YER NEWS-
PAPER IS
GONNA EXPOSE
MY MURDER
RACKET, EH?

I'LL RUN YER PRESSES
SO YA CAN'T
RUIN ME!!

CLANG!

HE'S
ESCAPING!

HE WON'T GET FAR!
FIRST I NEED THE
LETTER 'A'!

CYCLONE SPEARS
A HEADLINE TYPE
BLOCK WITH AN
ARROW!!

NOW I'LL
JUST
SPELL
OUT A

ON TH
SEAT OF
HIS
PANTS!

ARREST ME,
I'M A KILLER

AS
CYCLONE'S
LAST ARROW
FINISHES
THE MESSAGE

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE,
BUD! YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!!

ARREST ME,
I'M A KILLER

NEXT
DAY

I'LL WRECK THESE
@* *!! PRESSES
MYSELF!!

WHAT'S TH'
IDEA,
CYCLONE?

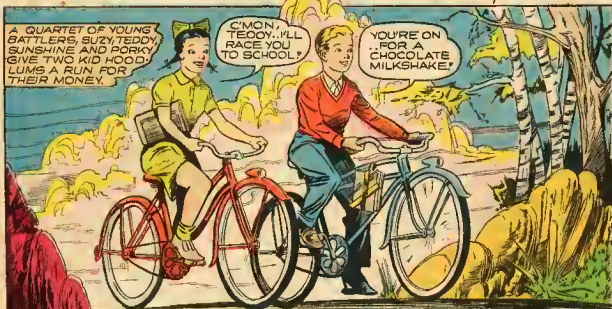
GET A LOAD OF
THIS MISPRINT!!!

NEWS
KILLER CAPTURED
BY CYCLONE
CUPID!!

CYCLONE
KILLER

KID PATROL

by Dan Wilson



A QUARTET OF YOUNG BATTLEERS, SUZY, TEDDY, SUNSHINE AND PORKY GIVE TWO KID HOODLUMS A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY.

C'MON, TEODOY..I'LL RACE YOU TO SCHOOL?

YOU'RE ON ..FOR A CHOCOLATE MILKSHAKE?

GIT OFFA DEM BIKES?

YOU HOD HIM, GIT MOVIN'! AND LEAVE OE WHEELERS?

A Marble River Scan

THE TWIN BIKES RACE SIDE BY SIDE DOWN THE STEEP HILL TOWARD SCHOOL.

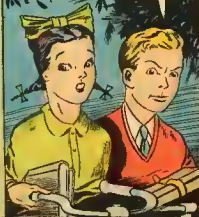
SUZY'S EYES POP, BUT TEDDY'S GLARE IN ANGER AT THE TOUGHIES BLOCKING THEIR PATH.

BOY? WHAT FUN?

I CAN SEE WHO'S DRINKING FREE MILK-SHAKES RIGHT NOW.

OHH..THOSE AWFUL BOYS FROM ACROSS TOWN? WHAT'LL WE DO, TEODOY?

WELL, 'THEY'LL NOT GET ANY-WHERE TRYIN' TO BULLY ME!



THE OVERSIZED HOODLUM MUSSSES TEDDY'S FACE BUT MEETS AN UNEXPECTED LIGHTNING BLOW.

S'MATTER, KID? CANTCHA UNDERSTAND IN A NICE WAY?

NO TOUGH GUY'S PUSHIN' ME AROUND?

OOF.

THE SMALLER BULLY'S CROUCHED BODY IS CONVENIENTLY PLACED FOR TEDDY'S FALL.

HAPPY LANDINGS, LITTLE MUG?

HAW? HAW? THAT'LL LEARN YUH?

MEANWHILE, PORKY AND SUNSHINE ARE STRUGGLING TO SCHOOL A BIT FURTHER UP THE PATH.

BEFORE THE PLUCKY BOY KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING, THE TWO TOUGHS DEPART ON THE BICYCLES. . . .

KEEP DOSE TRAPS SHUT, ER ELSE...

C'MON, STRETCH? HAWFHAW?

REMEMBER YO' PROMISE..IT'S MAH TURN ON DE HILL?

OKAY, SUNSHINE.

MAN OH MAN? JUMP FO' YO' LIFE, PORKY?

SUNSHINE'S MOUTH OPENS WIDE AS THE WHIR OF WHEELS ECHOES IN HIS EARS.

TOO LATE TO AVOID THE WAGON, THE BULLY ON THE STOLEN BIKE TAKES A NOSE DIVE.

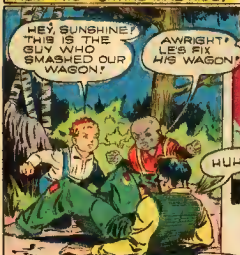
NOT THE PLUCKY KIND, PORKY AND SUNSHINE DIVE FOR SAFETY AS THE RACING BIKES COME TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.

SORRY LITTLE BUSH, BUT YO' IS ABOUT TO BE KILT..

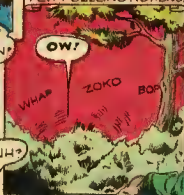
LET ME OUTTA HERE?

BAM

AND LANDS IN THE BUSHES ONLY TO GET A FRIENDLY GREETING FROM TWO GHTING-MAO KIDS.



THE GROUND QUIVERS AS PORKY AND SUNSHINE CLEAR UP A FEW PUZZLING NOTIONS.

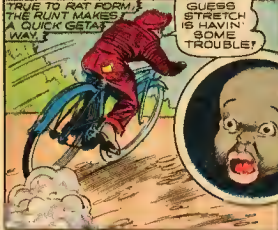


A BATTERED FIGURE DEPARTS, YOWLING LIKE A BANGSHEE.

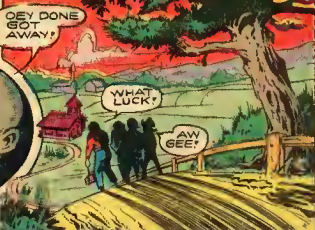


SOON THE FOUR TRANSPORTATION-LESS KIOS TRUDGE OESPENDENTLY TO SCHOOL.

TRUE TO RAT FORM, THE RUNT MAKES A QUICK GETAWAY.



OHEY DONE GOT AWAY?



IN CLASS, THE KIOS SIT AT THEIR DESKS RESTLESSLY.



BUT THE KEEN-EYED TEACHER SPOTS THE PLOTTERS.

SUZY, BRING ME THAT NOTE! TEDDY, SUNSHINE AND PORKY, STAND UP! YOU'VE BEEN CHATTERING ALL MORNING!



I'M GORRY, BUT YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL TODAY!



AND SO THE WEARY HOURS PASS.



UNTIL THE WELCOME BELL ANNOUNCES THE HOUR OF DELIVERANCE.

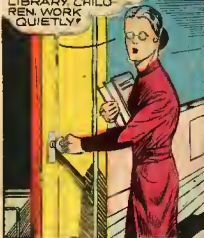


BUT THE UNHAPPY QUARTET IS LEFT TO THE MERCIES OF A QUIET SCHOOL ROOM AND OCCUPY THEMSELVES USEFULLY.



TEACHER DEPARTS FOR DEEP STUDY.

I'M GOING TO THE LIBRARY CHILDREN. WORK QUIETLY!



TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES INTENTLY WATCH THE TEACHER'S DEPARTURE

IT'S ABOUT TIME DAT SKOIT WENT HOME. COME ON, STRETCH!



THEY HURRY TO THEIR EVIL PURSUITS.

BOY? WE CAN CLEAN DIS JERNIT OUT IN NO TIME!



BUT THE BABY THUGS ARE DUE FOR A SURPRISE AS THEY MEET THE KID PATROL.



STRETCH AND HIS RUNT PAL LEARN A FEW WELL-NEEDED LESSONS TO THE TUNE OF ACTIVE FISTS.

I'LL TEACH YOU TO STEAL MY BIKE!

MAH - GOODNESS? IT'S THEM CROOKS! GRAB 'EM!

SMASH OUR WAGON WILL YA?



STRETCH RUNS INTO A PECK OF TROUBLE AS HE TRIES A BREAK.

HAS YO' HAO ENOUGH, FRESH GUY?

LET US GO! YOU'LL GIT YOUR BIKE BACK.. HONEST!

YEAH! WE GIVE UP!

SUZY WRITE A NOTE TO TEACHER. WE'LL GO WITH THESE LUGS. I'VE AN IDEA WE HAVE PLENTY TO SEE!

THE TWO TOUGHIES LEAD THEM TO A WELL-CONCEALED SHACK.

BOY! WHAT A SPOT FOR A HIDEOUT!

INSIDE, AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETED THEIR EYES.

MY GOSH.. A BUNCH OF STOLEN BIKES!

AS SOON AS WE GET YOU SETTLED, WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE KIDS WHO OWN THOSE BIKES. GET GOING!

BUT THEIR STARTLED EARS HEAR A STRANGE SPEECH. TEACHER HAS MISINTERPRETED SUZY'S NOTE.

THEY HURRY TO EXPLAIN AND TEACHER REALIZES THAT IT WAS SUZY'S HASTY NOTE THAT MADE HER ACCUSE THEM.

THE BATTLING QUARTET HERDS THE CULPRITS INTO THE POLICE STATION.

O.K. GET READY TO DO SOME TALKING.

SO YOU COME TO GIVE YOURSELVES UP? OK WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE STUFF YOU TOOK?

I'M SORRY, SUZY.. I READ IT SO QUICKLY THAT I GOT THE WRONG IDEA!

BUT, OFFICER, WE ONLY WENT TO CATCH SOME CROOKS WHO STOLE OUR BIKES.

THAT'S O.K. MY HAND WAS SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF WHEN I WROTE IT!

THE KID PATROL MEETS NEW EXCITEMENT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS

THE ISLAND SPECTRE

By COLE MYNNES



WHEN Terry Milton borrowed old Lew Poore's fishing boat to go down the bay collecting driftwood for the family stove, he never suspected that grim danger lurked on barren Shelldrake Island.

Terry was alone, and his small figure was hardly noticeable in the stern of the chugging motor dory as it trailed across the bay. The sky was overcast, and fog was rolling in from the sea. Terry could feel a chill across his back as the damp breeze penetrated his thin sweater.

The eerie scream of seagulls rose above the sputter of the motor, and Terry's eyes swept the choppy water ahead. A flock of the grey-white birds were wheeling over the cove on the north side of Shelldrake Island.

Terry's clear blue eyes narrowed sharply. "Now what can they be after. Must be food floating on the water. But there's no one around here, and the herring aren't running in these parts now."

If Terry had given more consideration to what had attracted the gulls, he would have steered clear of Shelldrake Island. Instead, he ran the dory aground and leaped out with a line from the bow and made the craft fast so it

would not drift away with the rising tide.

There was a lot of driftwood along the barren shore, and Terry set to work quickly gathering the small logs into neat piles. He was so busy he failed to see the ragged figure on the low rock cliffs above him. The bearded man moved slowly, spiderlike, on his hands and feet. Then he dislodged a piece of rock that tumbled down close by Terry.

The boy whirled around suddenly. Then it was too late. The ragged figure was already in the air above his head. Terry tried to duck but the squirming bundle of rags hit his shoulders with a terrific weight.

A moment later Terry was

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, OF NATIONAL COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944)

lying on his back in a batch of dead sea weed, and the bearded face was leering down at him.

"Hey! What's the big idea? Let me up, you!" Terry screamed. But there was no one within a mile to hear his voice and come to his aid.

The man's hands grasped Terry's throat and shook him. "Shut up, you little fool. You ain't got no business here. And I ain't letting you go."

Terry could see the gleam in the ragged man's eyes. He knew that this fellow was a madman, and unless he did something quick the man might kill him. So Terry pretended to have no fight in him for a minute while the madman ranted.

"This island is mine. You hear me? Mine! All mine! My dory was washed ashore on the rocks here during the hurricane of thirty-eight. Guess I was killed, 'cause when the sun came out the next day, I found my body lying here on the shore."

Terry was doubly sure the man was crazy now, and he did something quick. His hands which hadn't so far

moved, suddenly shot up into the scraggly beard. Then he arched his back and threw all his weight down the slope. The madman's high-pitched shrieks ended with a snarl as Terry bounded to his feet and ran faster than he'd ever run in his life.

He grabbed the rope and tumbled into the dory. The ragged figure had got to his feet and was stumbling toward the boat. But Terry got the warm engine going, and soon the dory was in deep water. As Terry looked back, the madman was standing waist-deep, shaking his fist and screaming threats.

Terry told his story to Lew Poore, and the old fisherman said quietly, "Well, son, we'll have to go back there tomorrow and see if we can catch the fellow."

But when they reached Sheldrake Island the next day there wasn't a sign of life on the barren rock. They searched around the shore and through the sparse growth of birches and alders which made a thicket in the middle of the island.

All they found that seemed to tie in with Terry's experi-

ence of the previous day was a pile of stones on the shore.

"Looks like a grave marker," Lew Poore said as he poked around.

"You're right," Terry said, "and here's a slab of board with something carved on it."

Lew Poore examined the board for a moment, and rubbed his chin. "Here lies John Wallace—May He Rest in Peace."

"Suppose there's a body here?" Terry asked in a whisper.

"Well, son, I'm going to take the shovel and find out!"

Lew Poore dug a pit six feet deep in the next two hours until he struck solid rock. He looked up quizzically at Terry. "Ain't nothing below this, son. Guess that fellow decided he wasn't dead after all, and went back to the mainland. Queer, though, ain't it?"





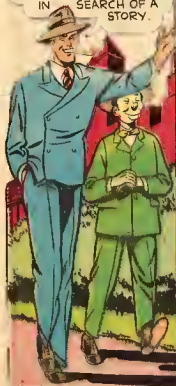
ARDENT FANS DERIVE PLEASANT DIVERSION FROM HIS CARTOON STORIES... WHILE THE UNDERWORLD QUAILS BEFORE THE QVNSLAUGHT OF HIS PEN AND HIS PISTOL... THIS IS THE MAN WE NOW CONSIDER... AS THE CARTOONIST-DETECTIVE.

By Klaus

PEN MILLER

TAKES UP THE CASE OF THE BLIND PEDDLER.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN, NIKI... TWO CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF A STORY.



TAKE THAT BLIND PEDDLER, FOR INSTANCE... THERE COULD EVEN BE A STORY IN HIM.



WELL, FOR...! THAT CHAP'S TAKING SOMETHING OUT OF THE CUP



HM... SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT FELLOW!

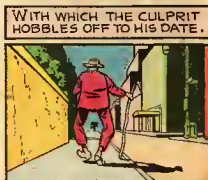
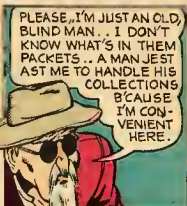
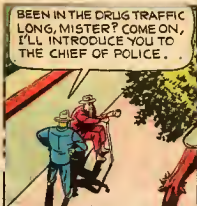


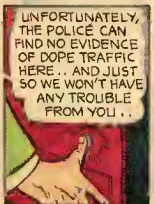
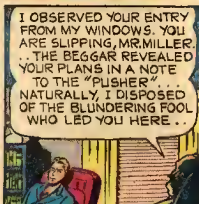
HERE'S ANOTHER... WITH THE SAME EXPRESSION!



BY GEORGE! THEY'RE BUYING MORPHINE BINDLES!... DOPE, NIKI!





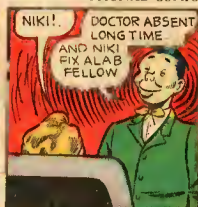


THE CARTOONIST SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN A VICE-LIKE TRAP.

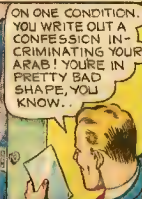


AS THE DRUG TAKES HOLD, PEN'S MIND SLOWLY SLIPS AWAY.. WITH THE DOCTOR'S EVIL COUNTEenance BEFORE HIM...





IN A LITTLE WHILE, THE DOCTOR ENTERS, SMUG AND PUDGY..



THE AGONIZED CRIMINAL SCRAWLS A HASTY CONFESSION...



CHIEF OF POLICE, PLEASE.

RELAX, NIKI... A HABIT HAS TO BE DONE MORE THAN ONCE.

I WOLLY WHAT THAT MORPHINE DO TO YOU, MIST' MILLER!

PEN MILLER AND HIS ORIENTAL VALET FERRET OUT ANOTHER STORY FROM THE ANNALS OF CRIME IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **NATIONAL COMICS...**

Paul BUNYAN

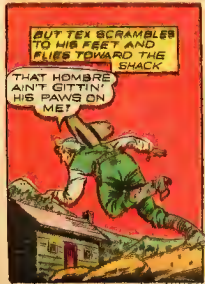
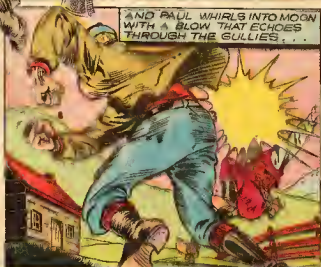
 BY
Storey Weaver

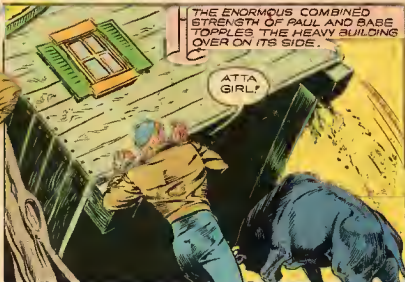

WILD COUNTRY,
EH, BABE?
HERE'S WHERE
JOHN DILLINGER
USED TO
HIDE OUT!

SUDDENLY...

GIT YORE HANDS
UP BIG BOY!
WHERE D'YA
THINK YER
GOIN'?!

PUT DOWN THE GUN, PART-
NER! I'M BIG AL GRADY..
COME DOWN HERE TO
JOIN UP WITH A LIVE-
WIRE MOB. HOW
ABOUT IT?





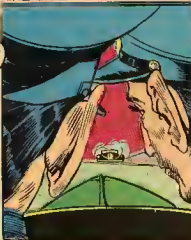
A STATE TROOPER'S CAR HURTLES ALONG THE HIGHWAY.

HEY, TOM! THAT CAR COMIN' THIS WAY, ISN'T IT THE ONE THE BANK ROBBERS USED?

LOOKS LIKE IT!



THE TROOPERS JAM ON THE BRAKES AND PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.



LET 'EM HAVE IT, JOE! THEY'RE KILLERS!



BUT VICIOUS FIRE FROM A MOUNTED MACHINE GUN BLASTS THE TROOPER'S BACK.

GANGWAY, COPPER!



PAUL COVERS THE ROCKY GROUND WITH HUGE STRIDES.



HERE HE COMES, BABE!

PAUL RIPS THE BODY FROM THE CHASSIS.

HALP!



THERE'S YOUR BANDIT AND THE STOLEN MONEY. YOU'LL FIND HIS PALS BACK UP THE ROAD A PIECE!

WE'LL HANDLE 'EM!



THANKS A MILLION BIG FELLA! I'D ASK YOU TO DINNER BUT ER...UH..

THAT'S OKAY. I'D EAT YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME!

PAUL BUNYAN MEETS NEW ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH IN NATIONAL COMICS.

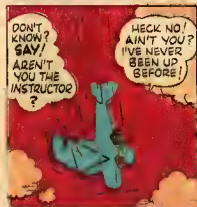
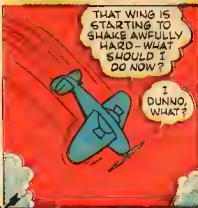
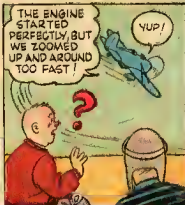
MISS WINKY

The All-American Girl

BESIDES BEING OF PRACTICAL USE, I THINK AVIATION IS THE MOST THRILLING THING IN THE WORLD!

WOULD YOU TAKE ME FOR MY SECOND LESSON PLEASE?

I'M BUSY JUST NOW MISS, BUT I'LL FIND THE OTHER INSTRUCTOR FOR YOU! HE'S ABOUT THE FIELD SOMEWHERE



MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN

THE NAZIS ARE
COMING FASTER
THAN YOU CAN
MOW THEM
DOWN!

MERLIN
IS RIGHT!

DA-DA!

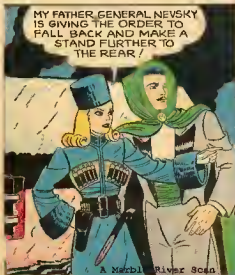
BY LANCE
BLACKWOOD

CARBED IN HIS MAGICAL CLOAK, MERLIN, DESCENDENT OF THE ANCIENT MAGICIAN OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT, TODAY USES OCCULT POWERS TO AID DEMOCRACIES IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST OPPRESSION... WITH THE RED ARMY ON THE FROZEN STEPPES OF RUSSIA HE WATCHES THE ADVANCING TEUTONIC HORDES.

MY FATHER, GENERAL NEVSKY
IS GIVING THE ORDER TO
FALL BACK AND MAKE A
STAND FURTHER TO
THE REAR!

...BACK ACROSS THE
GONSK RIVER BASIN
THERE WE WILL
MAKE OUR LAST
STAND TO SAVE
THE CAPITAL!

SUDDENLY A BURSTING SHELL STUNS
MERLIN AND OLGA, THE RUSSIAN GIRL!



A Merbl River Scan



A CHARGING NAZI TANK SEPARATES THE FALLEN COUPLE FROM THE RETREATING REDS!



AH! NEVSKY'S DAUGHTER, SEIZE HER!

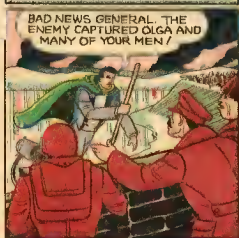


QUICKLY THE GIRL IS CAPTURED BUT THE DAZED MAGICIAN IS UNNOTICED UNDER A PILE OF DEBRIS.



TAKE HER BACK TO HERR CAPTAIN!

HOURS LATER MERLIN MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE NEW RUSSIAN LINES.



BAD NEWS, GENERAL. THE ENEMY CAPTURED OLGA AND MANY OF YOUR MEN!

BUT I WILL USE ALL MY MAGIC POWER TO AID YOU AND RESCUE YOUR DAUGHTER.



MEANWHILE THE NAZIS PUSH TOWARD THE GONSK RIVER.



WE CAN CROSS ON THE ICE AND WIPE OUT NEVSKY'S ARMY!

THEY WON'T SHOOT WHEN THEY SEE WHAT WE ARE SENDING THEM—
HA, HE HO!



ACROSS THE FLAT EXPANSE OF ICE THE PANZERS RUMBLE ON.



DRANG NACHT OSTEND!

FROM THE RUSSIAN SIDE OF THE RIVER POWERFUL GLASSES SCAN THE APPROACHING FORCES.



LOOK! IF WE SHOOT WE'LL KILL OUR OWN MEN!

WHAT THE SHOCKED REDS SEE...TIED OVER THE FRONT OF EACH ADVANCING NAZI TANK IS A CAPTURED RUSSIAN SOLDIER!



QUICK, GENERAL NEVSKY!
PUT ME IN YOUR BIGGEST
CANNON / I MA
WON A NONNAC
LLES!



MERLIN BECOMES A CANNON
SHELL...

AIM ME AT THOSE
TANKS!



HE IS LOADED INTO A BIG
HOWITZER!

READY-



WHIZZING THROUGH THE AIR,
MERLIN DROPS TOWARD THE
CHARGING PANZERS AND INFANTRY.

WON L'I EB A WAS-
ZZUB!

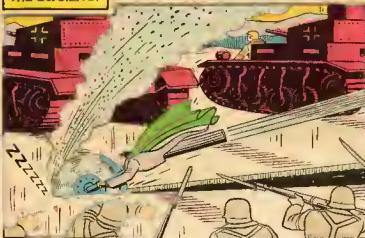


AS HE NEARS HIS TARGET A
WHIRRING BUZZ-SAW APPEARS
IN THE MAGICIANS' ARMS!

I'LL DO A JOB ON
THAT ICE!



THE MECHANIZED MAGICIAN GLIDES BETWEEN THE REAR OF THE TANKS AND SAWS THROUGH THE ICE IN FRONT OF THE SOLDIERS!



BEHIND HIM MERLIN LEAVES A PATH OF OPEN WATER!



CONTINUING ON--THE HUMAN BUZZSAW CUTS THROUGH THE INFANTRY ISOLATING THEM ON CAKES OF ICE!



ON SHORE GENERAL NEVSKY ORDERS AN ADVANCE!



OVER THE TOP WITH FIXED BAYONETS CHARGE THE RED INFANTRY!



SURROUNDED ON THREE SIDES BY OPEN WATER THE TANKS ARE FORCED TO SURRENDER...



AND THE HAMSTRUNG PRISONERS ARE RELEASED!



THANKS FOR THE RIDE FRITZ, BUT THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT PRISONERS OF WAR!

JA - I APOLOGIZE FOR MYSELF AND THE ARMY - WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT THOSE NAZIS ORDER US TO DO!



NEXT THE INFANTRY, TRAPPED ON CAKES OF ICE, IS EASILY CAPTURED!



ON THE WEST BANK OF THE GONS THE NAZI GENERAL SEES HIS ARMY LOST.

CURSES!
IT'S THAT ENGLISH MAGICIAN AGAIN!



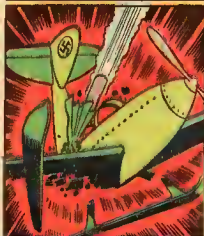
HE RACES FOR HIS TRACTORMOBILE IN WHICH OLGA HAS BEEN KEPT PRISONER.



HOT ON THE TRAIL IS THE RESOURCEFUL MAGICIAN.



THE GRINDING BUZZ-SAW SMASHES INTO THE PLANE!



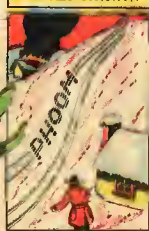
PARTS AND BITS OF MACHINERY FLY ABOUT...



AND OUT OF THE REVOLVING MADNESS MERLIN EMERGES - ON SKIS WITH AN AIRPLANE MOTOR ON HIS BACK!



WITH BLINDING SPEED THE MAGICIAN GLIDES OVER THE SNOW COVERED COUNTRY!



SOON HE SPIES THE FLEEING GENERAL!



THE NAZI EMPRIES HIS LUGER AT MERLIN.



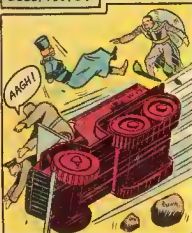
BUT THE SPEEDY MAGICIAN BOUNCES THEM OFF HIS HANDS!



IN DESPERATION OLGA FIGHTS WITH HER CAPTOR - AND KICKS THE DRIVER!



THE CAR SWERVES OVER A CLIFF, THROWING OUT ITS THREE OCCUPANTS!



BUT MERLIN SWOOPS DOWN AND GRABS THE FALLING GIRL!



HE HEADS BACK FOR THE RUSSIAN LINES.



IN A FINAL JUMP MERLIN LEAPS THE GONSK RIVER.



MUST YOU LEAVE NOW, MERLIN?



AS GENERAL NEVSKY AND OLGA WATCH THE GREAT MAGICIAN FADES INTO A SWIRLING BLIZZARD!

